But now they are going to restore them. This has never happened before. . . ."

The attitude of the French was more difficult to define. The nation was in a state of deep neurosis, divided against itself, lost in a delirium of glory and humiliation, unable to separate dreams from reality. New personages appeared on the political scene, in the press, in leading positions in government agencies—men from the Resistance movement, young, dynamic, aggressive. They brought a new spirit into the old rusty bureaucratic machinery and were openly contemptuous of the old bureaucrats and politicians.

We met Jean Monnet and his younger associates. Monnet, probably the best economist and the most influential man in France at that time, was directing a peaceful industrial revolution—the systematic modernization and re-equipment of leading industries. This was a daring venture requiring imagination, determination, detailed knowledge of the national economy, and exceptional administrative skill. Monnet possessed all these qualities plus the rare ability of inspiring his associates. "After the war," he said to us, "France faced the choice of becoming a second Spain or rebuilding her economy. She has made her choice."

He outlined his plans; his associates brought a handful of volumes with detailed plans for each industry. I felt they must succeed but realized that the results of their work would not become apparent immediately. Moreover, Monnet, his group, and the men from the Resistance did not represent the mood then dominant in France, a mood reminiscent of the first years after World War I—self-pity, suspicion, hostility toward foreigners, especially the British and Americans.

We visited our old friend Léon Jouhaux, then a high dignitary, seated in palatial quarters at an overornate glittering desk almost as large as his entire office in the Confédération Générale du Travail had been in the old days. He was extremely friendly, even sentimental, and talked and talked, mainly complaining of the Americans. We left him with a feeling of deep disappointment—nothing remained of his brilliant mind as a champion of labor and human rights; his thoughts were wandering in dark corridors of a distorted imagination and suppressed emotions. He seemed to personify a sick nation.

Paris was full of American tourists and officials, and for most of them the city was the center and mirror of Europe. This was the source of the impression they brought back with them—the completely false impression that anti-American feelings prevailed in Europe.

During our tour in 1950, we had no opportunity to stop in Greece and we did not visit there until five years later when it was recovering from the long civil war instigated by Communists from abroad. With